

ENDOR

*The Literary Magazine
of
Lehigh University*



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ENDOR

The Literary Magazine

of

Lehigh University

Published twice yearly at
Bethlehem, Pennsylvania

And when Saul enquired of the
Lord, the Lord answered him not,
neither by dreams, nor by Urim,
nor by prophets.

Then said Saul unto his ser-
vants, Seek me a woman that hath
a familiar spirit, that I may go to
her, and enquire of her. And his
servants said to him, Behold,
there is a woman that hath a
familiar spirit at En-dor.

--I Samuel, 28, 6 and 7.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

The cleriheiw contest announced in the last issue (Vol. III, No. 1) of Endor has been cancelled. Too few entries, particularly from students, was the determining factor. However, several good cleriheiw which were submitted for the contest have been chosen to appear in this issue.

The editors of Endor announce a photography contest for Lehigh's undergraduates and others associated with the University. The photographs are to evoke the idea of summer, and must be 4" x 6" glossy prints. The winning entries will be reproduced in the Fall, 1963, issue of the magazine. Please send all entries to Endor, Box 54, University Center Post Office. The deadline is October 15, 1963. All entries must be accompanied by a stamped self-addressed envelope if they are to be returned.

With this issue, Endor is initiating a new series. Each semester the works of an artist in some way associated with the Lehigh community will be featured. The artist may be a student, staff member, or an artist represented in Lehigh's permanent collection. The artist represented in this issue is Edmund Blampied, whose etchings are a part of the Rosenbaum collection, of the Lehigh permanent collection. See the following page for a biographical sketch of the artist.

The editors of Endor wish to give special thanks to Professor James V. Eppes of the Mechanical Engineering department for his invaluable help in producing this issue of the magazine.

EDMUND BLAMPIED: THE ARTIST

Edmund Blampied was born on the Channel Isle of Jersey at St. Martin's Parish, March 30, 1886.

His boyhood was spent in the country growing up among the animals of the farm, the continual harvests and unceasing laborings of the peasants. It was from them that later on, as an artist, he unhesitatingly returned; drawing from the memories of his youth and from experiences which had left indelible impressions upon a sensitive observer.

His intimate contact with horses; their roughness and humbleness of breed; the musculature of their frames are portrayed in forms varying from light, almost impressionistic strokes to hard, bold lines which leave the viewer with a feeling of having seen an actuality; a reality presented through an artist's penetrating eye.

The ease of movement, the expressiveness and spontaneity of his etchings and drypoints are of a specialist working within a limited artistic genre and through which his humanity and his sympathy for his subjects clearly reveals itself.

The expansive remarks of Professor Quirk in enabling the Endor staff to choose these etchings and his permitting the use of the original Blampieds is greatly appreciated.

-- Richard B. Sindel

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CONTENTS

Poetry

<u>Ray L. Armstrong</u>	
"Under the Linden Tree".....	34
<u>James R. Frakes</u>	
"Terza Rima"	6
"Dies Irae"	8
<u>Norman Scarpulla</u>	
"When I cleaned out my knapsack..."	37
<u>Jon Sharp</u>	
"The Pitcher"	20
"You Are Right, Sartre".....	44
<u>Richard Sindel</u>	
"The Palmister".....	21
<u>Don K. Wright</u>	
"Summer Solstice".....	43
<u>Robert S. Yuszczuk</u>	
"Pennies and Stones".....	25

Fiction

<u>Matt Diamond</u>	
"The Circle"	28
<u>Jonathon Elkus</u>	
"Nocturne".....	23
<u>James R. Wood</u>	
"With Love from the Doll House"	9

Essays (Cultural Apathy at Lehigh)

<u>Arthur P. Gardner</u>	38
<u>David M. Greene</u>	40

Humor (Clerihews)

<u>Ray L. Armstrong</u>	26
<u>Francis J. Quirk</u>	27
<u>Richard Redd</u>	27
<u>James Walter</u>	26

Art

<u>Edmund Blampied</u>	
"Speech of the Evening".....	Cover
"Soup"	7
"Work in the Fields"	22
"Leisure".....	36

TERZA RIMA

Nobody blesses the meek beginner
Helpless in a world of roses.
Nobody curses the knowing sinner --

Crafty David, hypocrite Moses.
All fish keep their deadly mystery
Strike their perfect, tingling poses,

Slide through sea-nets, mocking history.
Liars triumph. No abatement
Of the devil's proud consistory.

If we knew what hate or fate meant,
Or what laurels blind the winner,
We could question. End of statement.

-- James R. Frakes



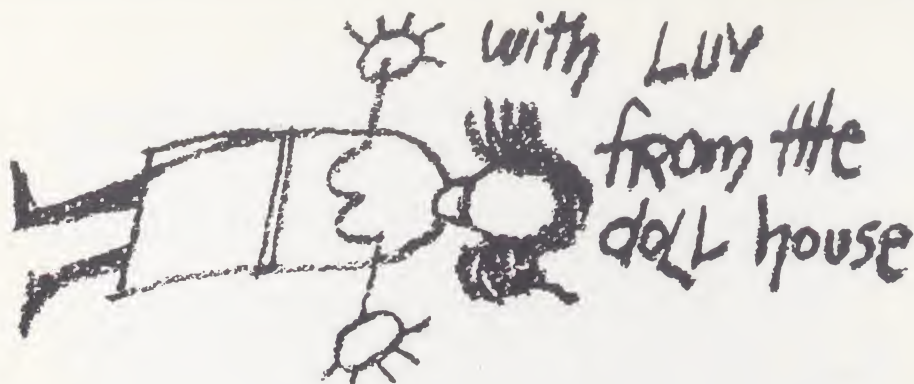
"SOUP" --- Edmund Blampied

DIES IRAE

More than courage was at stake:
Clouds descended to weightless earth
And winds curled like waves, slapped
Cringing elements, surrounded birth
With massive tedium. The crust of sky
Sidled and lifted in burning patience.
The very grass, poised as justice,
Labored with soot-cursed motions.

Then we measured the filtered sun
By hand-breadths. A stonework chant
Uttered itself, ignorant of the sky;
And lyric blood became a saint.

-- James R. Frakes



By James R. Wood

Last day. The morning light was mauve; the children precisely seated at their plywood desks were translucent against the morning light: thirty miniatures of the dwindled sun were mirrored in those licked lips, floating faintly on the pink and almost (the day before yesterday) infantile surfaces. Contemplating the scarred and sacred desktops, tilted and horizontal, the children yawned and stretched an assortment of limbs.

The nine o'clock buzzers sounded simultaneously: all through the school building, slate and brick, honored monolith, this forgotten maze, the buzzers sounded. Time for Spelling. Time for Arithmetic. Time for Basic Grammar. Time for American History (Columbus furred and fouled). Time to face the children.

Miss Dupre walked into the classroom. The light filtering in beneath the partially lowered shades caught her face in profile; and then, momentarily, full-face as she looked across the room at the clock, at the same time adjusting her own watch (with its seventeen-jewel movement). She was medium in height with a fair complexion, the sort of features which turn blurred and swollen at certain moments; she was slightly heavy around the hips, had a small, compact bust, and was thirty-four years old. Not a bad piece: a fact which some of the older boys were appreciative of. She sat down at the desk, facing the class.

The students wore their faces averted, towards the windows, their angled heads diffuse in the glare. They paid no attention to Miss Dupre.

"Good morning, class." Thirty heads turned.

"Good morning Miss Dupre," said no-one in the class.

"We'll cover Grammar first this morning." (Cover Grammar. Ram it down your goddamn little throats, if necessary.)

The soundless murmur of thirty books scurrying, like desperate diseases, within the unknown depths of thirty desks. Outside was a typical day, in the undistinguished fashion of late Spring: the horizon was a ruffled collar of clouds drifting aimlessly. Birds chirped hollowly immediately beyond the windows, ready to take flight at any unusual sign or scent (you wouldn't think that anything had happened, you would think everything was all right like last year at the same time). Bits and fragments: a melancholy little chuckle dripping down from the Principal's office above -- Mr. Smith was quite a joker, really. A stiff May breeze. The trees shifted and waved their proud new buds and twigs, still aglow with remembrances of dew. Miss Dupre writing on the blackboard: adverb modifies verb, as 'The day was slowly... slowly...' An abrupt squeak of the chalk and the delicious shivering of the children in chorus. A standard response, nothing unusual here. Except that it was the last day. It didn't make any difference to the children; neither did the reason why -- they were all planning to be Russian spies when they grew up.

For a pleasant change, as if they realized she had already lost any importance to them, the children were not making any trouble this morning: they let the sunlight play over their faces, let breezes pass without a protest, transmitted their scribbled notes noiselessly. Miss Dupre, when she had been starting as a teacher, had once intercepted these notes, but it had only resulted in open rebellion and obscenities scrawled on her car windows.

It wasn't worth it. Nothing was anymore. It was twelve o'clock in no time at all, time for lunch recess.

Miss Dupre sauntered out of the classroom, down the hall to the Teachers' lunchroom (no need to hurry). Past the Boy's Room: the door there jumping open, flashing a sudden world of confused thighs and tousled hair, of ink stains on opened palms, skinned knees, laughter, a shy puff of cigarette smoke; a canceled burst of speech, the ghost of a joke. Boys will be boys. The door sighed close again; Miss Dupre went on to the lunchroom.

The other teachers were already there, joking around and punching each other in the arms and shoulders. Miss Dupre worked her way to the back of the room; she sat down and opened her lunch.

"Hey, I got a good one!" announced Mr. Brodin, who taught eighth grade, "It seems there's this Indian girl who goes to Vassar, see-" The others: Mrs. Hardson (sixth grade), Mr. Bronzino (boy's gym and shop), and Miss Thompson (general anything -- Miss D. had once seen her washing the floor in Mr. Smith's office) leaned forward dynamically, all ears and elbows. "-and so the father sees that she's very obviously pregnant, and so as she gets off the train--"

Miss Dupre was leaning back in her chair, eating a cheese sandwich, glancing through test papers, noticing the beginnings of another headache.

"I know HOW: WHO!?" A great spate of laughter and applause for Mr. Brodin. "A wonderful-naughty joke," chuckled Mrs. Hardson, rolling her crippled eyes, "It's a shame we couldn't tell it to the kiddies, but these parents are so touchy. They get upset over the simplest little things..." Mr. Brodin puffed himself up like some huge grey insect flexing and preening his sextet of hairy legs; he enjoyed his responsive audience.

Miss Dupre's pencil made a rough, hissing sound in the small confines of the lunchroom. The others, giving her an occasional hostile glance, stopped

giggling and slapping each other, finished their sandwiches hurriedly. "Miss Fancy-Pants," said Mr. Brodin, thumbing at Miss Dupre. The others laughed; folding their napkins and sandwich wrappers neatly, they left her, running swiftly down the intertwined corridors.

(Always like this, always like this: J'ai voulee les detruire, mais a la place ils m'ont detruit.) She sighed quickly as she gathered the papers.

There was a present for her on the desk when she returned to the classroom. There was an angel, incognito and on some secret mission: a butterfly, its dusted wings flapping uselessly (what wings! An elusive blue, verging on translucence, a flourish of cherry beads dappling its trailing edges). As she watched vaguely repulsed, it fluttered, scattering blades of sunshine across the desk. A pin through its leafy thorax (amateur lepidopterist at work). Love from Johnny, said a penciled note underneath, love from the doll house. The butterfly stirred once more; wings drooping, shudder, last gasp -- all over now, all but the telegram back to Heaven. Another secret agent bites the dust. Secret agents? Oh yes, she'd heard a lot about them recently.

Love from Johnny: she wondered which one he was. She was no good at remembering names or faces.

But children were strange. They were supposed to be all sugar and gloss like the candy figurines of her own youth. And, of course, they could smile; they could bite and kick and tell Mommy, jeer at Miss D. when she tried to break up their fights. A few of the older ones gave her the finger in the hall, knowing that she wouldn't tell. There had been the one day in class when she couldn't take it anymore, just sat there, her face dissolving in tears and the children staring at her, their own eyes aflame in a different way, softly, so no-one else would hear. And immediately afterwards in the Principal's office, where plump Mr. Smith had of-

ferred her a Kleenex and... (he was embarrassed: he had been applying rouge to his grey cheeks and penciling his eyebrows. He had been caught off-guard.)

"Really, really, Miss Dupre! You might have at least waited till the end of the week for your little demonstration. Shame on you. Think of the school's reputation. For shame, for shame..." He had paced to the window, his hands tapping behind him. A bird outside had trilled and performed some remarkable somersaults to the accompaniment of this tapping. "I s'pose you want a raise again," he had said.

She had nodded, still quite tearfully.

"Well... You know, it's not really right at all. We're overpaying you as it is. How much do you get? That much? And for an easy week's work, nice long summer vacations, correcting a few tests, and reading from a standardized text. Such beautiful illustrations, too."

He had examined the shine of his shoes, twisting round to look at the backs. "Five dollars a week more, not a cent over that. Our budget is strained as it is."

"Oh, thank-you Mr. Smith, thank-you. No more trouble now. Promise. Promise." Here her memory ran down: she supposed she had left and gone back to the classroom.

That had been one day. And the very next, or maybe it was a week or two later, in the basement past the Kindergarten: remembering much more intensely something that couldn't have happened: that little girl standing by the stairwell door, arching her fabric back. Miss D. could not remember the conversation, could not remember too much except for a brief fragment, but that very clearly.

The little girl had been postured with her fleshless hand outstretched, mouth blossoming with an uncontained smile. A fragment of speech out of context: "It's magic. But you know all this, yeh, you know: but don't you know me?" And here she

had paused, returning a stray wave of chestnut hair to its proper position, blinked her small eyes (also chestnut), and vanished, went out like a memory. Miss Dupre alone in the drab and deserted hallway. There is no little girl of that particular description; there never was.

Shall we go on? We might as well: relax, Miss Dupre, relax. Monday. Tuesday. Wednesday. Raining Thursday.

An automobile had come down the street in front of the school and had stopped, rain beading and rolling down its waxed flanks. A figure had come running from the car into the building, briefcase bundled underarm. Miss Dupre could remember this also. Mr. Smith had poked his cheery face into her Arithmetic lesson to inquire if she, belabored as she was, could spare a few moments and answer a few questions for the Board of Education. Only a few moments: Scout's honor.

The man had given her a brittle handshake -- she felt slightly disappointed, thinking that he might have kissed her proffered hand -- when she entered Mr. Smith's office, pulled out a sheet of paper. Just a few questions, nothing much. She had been born outside the United States? Yes, in France (impressionistic memory of a summer cottage, with bits of grass and sunlight sticking to it). Naturalized? Naturally. Ever been a member of the Communist Party? No. Sign this please.

Shortly thereafter -- things always happened so quickly -- back to the office.

"About my raise?" Miss Dupre had asked.

"In a way, in a way," answered Mr. Smith. He could not repress a certain show of excitement, he was obviously excited about something.

"You see, Miss Dupre, no raise. In fact, no nothing. This is good-bye, Miss Dupre. Good-bye. That is to say, my dear, you're out of a job. Tough luck, kiddo, but..." He held up a letter with an expression of futility. "You see how it is..." He read from the letter: "...to notify you that you have been

discontinued as of the present as Instructor of grade seven, Wilson Elementary School. Membership in the Communist Party of America.' Remember 1934 and the teacher's strike, Miss Dupre? You can't hide these things."

"Ah, poor dear Miss Dupre!" he had sighed (he was as usual hamming it up again). He placed the letter in his breast pocket: it had responded with a crisp sound.

"It would have been nice if you could have stayed on to the end of the School Year," he had ruminated juicily. "Substitute teachers are so hard to find on short notice these days. But never mind. I realize this is a bad thing for you, Miss Dupre. You being a Red and all. That's all right, I understand. Please stop interrupting me.

"I know you'll always look back on your years with Wilson Elementary with a certain amount of pleasure. Usually, we give our former employees some sort of little token to remember us by here, but in your case -- no, quite out of the question. To continue: many, many times, you'll be sitting somewhere and thinking of dear Mr. Smith and how he always stood up for you and gave you frequent raises and what a fine over-all fellow he was. Not that he condoned your Communist activities, no indeedee, far from that -- duty to his country first of all, you know. But still, he was (if I might say so) your truest friend." He paused and drank a sip of imaginary water, standing behind his imaginary rostrum, uncurable romantic that he was.

"And I know also that you'll remember with joy the children that were in your classes. The darling little boys, and the darling little girls; the adorable little girls growing up every year as you watched benevolently, till they reached puberty. Ah, what delectable charmers! Would you believe it, there was this one girl -- I remember particularly -- her flashing eyes and budding little breasts, the first subtle curvings of her waist and hips. Anyway, she

came into my office one afternoon and I...

"But why am I telling you this? I have work to do, I always have work to do. They overwork me, as you well know. Good-bye, Miss Dupre, good-bye. Nice knowing you. You have three more weeks to finish and get out. Good-bye."

And, surreptitiously patting her on the derriere, he had shooed her back to the classroom.

That had been that.

And now, now: the one o'clock buzzer. Darkness. Feet clattered and slipped, and echoed up and down the hall. Lockers opened and slammed; books stirred. One of the older girls screamed melodramatically: a book whizzed past the doorway. The girl scuttled after it, in shouting pursuit, mounted on a pinwheel display of bare legs; a blonde blur. Lockers opened and slammed. The class reassembled itself and prepared for the boring afternoon. Miss Dupre cleared her throat.

At three o'clock, following the scrambling, exuberant exit of the class, there came through the doorway Jimmy Thorn's mamma, a regular Mount Everest, runny-nosed son in tow. Interview (as teacher of your son/daughter I feel that an interview concerning certain problems of adjustment which he/she must overcome to suitably integrate with the group, would be advisable. Would it be possible for you to meet with me some afternoon this week, say...).

"What's this about my boy!?" demanded Mrs. Thorn, thumping her fist vigorously on the desk top. "There's nothing wrong with him! It's your fault he doesn't get along with the other kids; you should make the other kids like him! You should give him extra help in Spelling after school! It's all your fault: I said we never should of hired a foreigner; I always suspected you was a lousy Red -- what with that foreign name. What kind of a name is that, I says -- Dupre -- sounds like some kinda foreigner to me. You couldn't fool me. I never did trust your kind: can't speak good English even and thinking about

nothing but making love all the time. Lousy foreigners! Look what happens when we're nice enough to give you a job; look what happens! My poor little boy. He's emaciated, he's so frightened and harassed."

Miss Dupre fumbled with a pencil and stared resolutely at the desk.

"Look at him!!!" shrieked Mrs. Thorn, "He's emaciated!!!" Miss Dupre glanced up in response. "Yes, yes. Emaciated," she stuttered, not knowing what else to say. She felt very tired. Mrs. Thorn smiled in a satisfied way.

(For an instant, Miss D. contemplated jumping through the window. The image ballooned in her mind: a slow-motion sideways geyser of glass, a tumbling, twisting, thud! Landing in the flower bed below, an indecent amount of leg showing...)

Miss Dupre sat there, rolling the pencil between her fingers, starting to speak, but Mrs. Thorn had tramped out, dropping fragments of her plaster smile; Jimmy was dragging his heels and beginning to cry, for what reason Miss Dupre couldn't guess. The door rebounded against its frame -- it took some time for it to settle down again.

A long, forgotten gap of time: At three-thirty, the real Mrs. Thorn came in, sans son, for her interview.

The hallway at four o'clock was a long death's walk. Miss Dupre stopped at the doorway looking back at the classroom -- it was odd this should be the case -- with no particular emotion. She fastened the romantic little catch on her dress, which had come undone, started down the hall. Her even footfalls clicked on the floor; she paused and remembered to lock the door behind her.

Two children, eighth graders, boy and flushed girl (Jack and Jill) were kissing under a window halfway down the hall. Jack's hand was down the back of Jill's blouse; he was doing something in the darkness behind her. They caught sight of Miss Dupre; they broke off. The boy turned and stared at Miss D.,

lipstick all over his face.

"Beat it," said the boy. "You bother us."

Miss Dupre hurried on, eyes cast down, her face diffused in embarrassment; darkness gathered around her, in satiny folds and wrinkles. She looked back, once, but the two lovers had long since left -- the window under which they had stood gave her a barren grin. She might have bumped into a little boy and knocked him sprawling and set him, wailing and disheveled, back on his abbreviated feet, but she couldn't remember for sure.

The huge doors at the end of the hall opened with a clandestine whisper, and there on the landing (faintly, faintly) was an electric chair (she had seen pictures, she knew). The guard -- Mr. Smith -- gestured toward it, beaming modestly, but she ignored him and went instead rapidly down the stairway beyond. The doors there opened easily; she hurried on, across the lawn (keep off the grass) -- suddenly and emphatically emerald -- past a tender row of crayoned flowers to the black, wrinkled, macadamed surface of the street: here things became indistinct; at this point, Miss Dupre was struck by a car.

Mr. Smith fumbled with the hemisphere of glass in his veined hands: he had confiscated it from one of the students, and now, in his office, he turned it upright, watching the thick clumps of artificial snow drift down, burying an insignificant cottage and tiny pine tree. It fascinated; he began to smile slightly. And from outside came the sound of brakes and a muffled thud...

The car struck Miss Dupre obliquely, pirouetting her and tossing her limply to the sidewalk. Tumbling back with phantasmogorical rapidity, her head a mass of flame and hurt, face up on the sidewalk with a sticky liquid starting to puddle around her. Looking up almost immediately, she saw that same beautiful horrible little girl she had previously imagined, released from her private limbo, batting her humid eyelashes, run past and bend over, arms outflung in an effortless ballerina movement (now pastel and

smeared), a wild ribbon flashing -- and when she unbent she had Miss Dupre's ring in her moist hand: the amethyst a glued crimson, drying and hardening along the rim. A keepsake from Miss Dupre's teens.

"Give it back, give me back my ring," she mouthed, but the girl just stared, faintly smiling, and stepped back as a semicircle of children crowded past her. Miss Dupre didn't try to get up.

"Oh God, my first accident," cried a voice; echoed by the sudden complaint of an opened car door. "Late for the Beauty Parlor..." it further clarified, weakly.

"Of course, of course," this time Mr. Smith, cherubic, his aquiline nose delicately tilted in perfect profile, "I saw it all. She ran out in front; no time to stop. Her fault entirely." (Pulling the driver aside) "By the way, you know the school here really needs some repairs, and my salary, for instance..."

"You don't say," said the driver (she was becoming resigned to being late for her Beauty Parlor appointment; there was nothing she could do about it).

A wounded stutter and long series of brief exclamations. Fading.

Opening her glazed eyes, Miss Dupre saw Mr. Smith towering over her. "Well, well," he said in a soft voice. "So we got ourselves hit by a car. Really, where was our elementary safety rule, eh? Stop, look, and look again, Miss Dupre. Practice what we teach, you know. Could I get you anything? The ambulance is coming soon; I sent someone to call for the ambulance. Maybe a blanket for our broken little body?"

"My ring," said a pale-voiced Miss Dupre, "make her give back my ring." She closed her eyes again; colored galaxies were condensing and expanding within them. It was getting late.

Mr. Smith seemed not to have heard her. "No blanket?" he queried, "Well, then, I'll just go back to my office and finish some work there. Lots of work there. You'll be fixed up in no time. Bye-bye, Miss Dupre." And he was gone, keys and change jingling in his pockets, while two children struggled

to fill his vacancy in the surrounding circle. "Boy, get a load of all that blood," said one of them.

The ambulance arrived. ("Take it easy there, easy, that's it. Wouldn't you know it, damn door always gets stuck. Hey Harry, make sure she don't slide out, okay?" Harry advancing, stalwart, to his position by the rear door.)

The ambulance drove away, the crowd dispersed.

The little girl stood quietly on the brink and precipice of the sidewalk, fingering an overhanging loop of hair, watching the dwindling of the ambulance; tilting her head, she leaned over to study a puddle nestled against the sidewalk, streaked with dark coagulations. Miss Dupre's ring glistened in her small hand as she stretched out her arm, and slowly, her fingers unclasping with infinite exactitude, dropped it into the puddle. The ripples were still spreading as she walked away.

* * * *

THE PITCHER

I think that God should be worshipped
as the divine creator of the world in the
same way that the President of the
United States should be praised as a
baseball pitcher for the Washington Senators.
Yes, he threw out the first pitch, but
he didn't win the ball game.

-- Jon Sharp

THE PALMISTER

You seemed so sad
Holding your face up
To my face; your kiss,
A touch so light,
More like the gentle
Pushing of the wind
While reading on my hand,
Just like a palmister,
Each crooked path.
"Could I but speak."
You seemed to rhyme
In movements back and forth
And then you stopped,
A sudden halt, and
Quickly flew away.
Where did you go my Butterfly?
What frightened you that day?

-- Richard B. Sindel



NOCTURNE

By Jonathan Elkus

As it was still late afternoon it was still light and the red dust and mud lay shadowed in the ruts which roughened the path to town. Don Silvestre and his small son walked rapidly, more so as the path grew wider, and suddenly slower as a long uphill stone road led them to a gathering of men outside an entrance set in a long and high wall once painted in bright colors. As they approached, Don Silvestre swung the gleaming gamecock which he carried settled in his left arm to and fro in a gentle but decided arc, which flamboyant gesture always calms birds of this instinctive breed.

Inside, sitting on the back of a bench beside the octagonal, thatch-roofed pavilion, the young boy and some friends watched the complex action: the intermittent sweeping of the clay floor, the weighing-in of the next pair of birds, the establishing of odds, and the measuring and tying-on of hook-shaped, shiny-blue steel gaffs, all under the watchful notice of the thin impresario, dressed for the weekly occasion in a light suit with wide lapels, worn over a wine-colored sports shirt buttoned at the collar.

Music, too, between the fights -- a second crew-cut, moon-faced cornettist had joined his confrere and the gaunt violinist and the guitar players, and now these two cornettists answered in throbbing, competitive thirds the throaty phrases of the two singers, young, coffee-skinned ladies standing in the bright foreground as sisters in tight formal gowns, one green, the other red. "Life has no value" went one of their oft-repeated refrains, and women bounced babies on their knees to its constant rhythm.

Don Silvestre sat on a bench opposite, talking, betting and falling in with the intense hushes that occur from time to time; his own bird had long since been given the coup-de-grace by a barefoot attendant

who brought it from the floor swinging it by the head. The scene had been lit by this time by a single electric globe hanging weightlessly from the peaked center of the pavilion and which, owing to the subtle irregularities of current, produced unpredictably varying shadows among the birds and their silent, crouching managers.

One of the singers, the mayor's illegitimate granddaughter, had been put up for queen of the village's September festivities the year before, and her admirers, rough boys from the ranches, rode into the square one evening carrying torches for her. Don Silvestre had held his son back for fear of the animals, themselves seemingly intoxicated with their own restless clatter, the shouting and the serpentine fire held over their heads. Bone-dry quirts crackled comfortably on lean hind quarters, and rusty spurs rang facetious ripples above the stentorian alternation of the cathedral's two deep bells.

Don Silvestre had bet on the favored red odds this time, since he'd been having bad luck on the green tickets. After some flurrying, red's metal severed green's artery, and a wide wash of blood quickly materialized across the white bird's back. For a moment Don Silvestre's son gazed admiringly, then started his way behind the benches to join his father, since it was late. The thorns of a bush bearing dark roses grazed him.

The two walked homeward, Don Silvestre carrying a flashlight, five pesos to the good but with a certain loss of capital doubtless on his mind, his son behind carrying the bird by its legs. Having stopped for a moment under the huge stars, Silvestre asked whether he shouldn't carry the carcass the rest of the way, to which the son quietly replied that he wasn't finding it heavy.

"PENNIES AND STONES"

Love's between God and the devil,
like a jaded bracelet with redundant gleams,
no one to wear it properly
thinking the middle thought,
which is a happy life,
even the alchemy of darkness weaves
what we cannot confess,
even now like silhouettes on strings,
glad like a doll's eye no one scolds
lovers in Spring;
yet afraid of the night wind or
a knowing smile braided in moonlight,
in the heart, or in a night sound;
a penny's for laughter and a stone's
without worth,
but when the smile's gone and the
poem forgot, pennies and stones are all
that are left to remember by.

-- R. S. Yuszczuk

Professor J. B. Severs
Never finished The Reivers.
He thought nothing half so cool as
The Parlement of Foules.

Professor Carl Moore
Found Christian doctrine obscure;
But it was mastered easily
By Chaplain Fuessle.

Now, mused Professor Dilworth,
Just what is John Stuart Mill worth?
Why should anyone care?
Whispered Voltaire.

Dr. Harvey A. Neville
Abjured the world, the flesh, and the devil,
All influences resident
In the average college president.

-- Ray L. Armstrong

* * *

Professor Eli Schwartz,
According to reader reports,
Writes German verse pedantic,
Posing problems semantic.

-- Jim Walter

Robert Benjamin Cutler said,
"At Lehigh music's subtler."
Mid environs ivy-walled, he
Spurns Whiffenpoof for Vivaldi.

David Greene
Abhorred the Philistine,
He noted with sardonic perspicacity,
"Cultcher don't fill Grace Hall to capacity."

-- Richard J. Redd

* * *

Wilber Blew
Brews fine stew
But his liverwurst
Makes belliesburst.

-- Francis J. Quirk

THE CIRCLE

By Matt Diamond

I

The greyness jumped up quickly. Shock. Weight bearing down down down. Panic! Wait. Think.

Jake Severs lay face down on the wrestling mat. A second wrestler crouched over his body. His shoulder and head were pressed into the small of Jake's back. One arm enclosed Jake's small waist. The other sought control of his massive forearm. Bracing his elbows against the grey mat, Jake rose slowly to his knees. His head came up. Sweat poured steadily from both sides of his nose. Quickly, he moved to a sitting position. His opponent was directly behind him now. Jake rolled sideways on to his shoulder as the whistle blew.

"That's all today," said the coach. The groups of wrestlers began to unwind from each other.

"Sure," said Jake, breathing heavily but evenly. The two young men stood, faced each other, and separated. Jake moved toward the bench where his sweat-shirt lay. The coach intercepted him.

"How's your weight, Jake?"

"Four pounds over before practice."

"Take it easy on that meal tonight."

"I will, coach." A pool of water began to form at his feet.

Jake reached for his sweatshirt. The coach moved on. On the way out, the pleasant gurgle of the water fountain called to Jake. He drew near to the oasis. Bending his head close to the stream of water, he let it play daintily across the surface of his lips. His mouth opened involuntarily and caught the water. His jaws worked rhythmically, pushing the liquid into the corners of his cheeks. Reluctantly, Jake let the water fall back into the basin.

It was cool in the locker room. Damp sweatshirts lay in heaps beside their lockers. Jake undressed slowly. The shower had a soothing, almost hypnotic effect. He let the water tap softly across his back and arms. He stepped away from the shower and soaped his body slowly, rhythmically. He closed his eyes and lifted his face to the torrent as if praying. His senses opened and drank in great droughts of water. Relief permeated the deepest recesses of his soul. Reality tapped brutally on his shoulder and asked for the soap.

Jake toweled down briskly and dressed quickly. He argued with his short, brown hair for a few seconds, then walked out into the cold night air. The water in his brow began to freeze. It felt good. He thought about practice today and the match tomorrow. But he remembered only the successful things. He did not think of his mistakes.

Dinner was on the table when Jake entered the fraternity house.

"How was practice, Jake?"

"Okay. Pass the lettuce, please."

"Are you in shape for tomorrow?"

"Hope so."

"How's the guy you're gonna wrestle? Is he any good?"

"I don't know. Pass the water."

Roger observed from across the room. Jake's face was white and drawn. He had lost twenty pounds in order to enter the 147-lb weight class. "How stupid," thought Roger. Jake pushed his plate away and stood up as if to leave. Roger finished his dessert quickly and followed Jake upstairs.

"Hello, kid. How areya?"

"Hi, Rog, howerya doin'?" Jake was lying on the couch. Roger moved to a chair, placing his feet on the armrest at the foot of the couch. Roger scrutinized Jake's face closely. When their eyes met, Jake looked away. Silence reigned.

"When I said 'how are you,' I meant it." Jake shifted uneasily.

"What do you mean?"

"Let's not play games, kid."

"Look, Rog, I've got a rough match tom----"

"Something's bothering you. Now what is it?"

Jake moved to a sitting position and placed both hands on the sides of his face. His fingers covered his eyes.

"I don know." He moved his head from side to side, rubbing his eyes. "It's just --- It's just that it's too much." He removed his hands from his eyes and looked at Roger. His eyes were red. "Sure, I know it's great to get out there with the crowd around you yellin' an all. But it's not all that great when you hafta go to practice every day and come back here an eat lettuce an drink water for supper."

"I know, kid."

"You don't know. Nobody knows unless he does it himself. Oh, what's the use, I can't explain." Roger realized the impossibility of the situation.

"Well, look, relax and get some sleep. I'll see you tomorrow."

"Yeh. Okay."

Jake crossed to his desk and began to study. It was difficult to concentrate and he closed his books after a brief interval. It was a little after nine o'clock when Jake slipped under his covers and switched out the light.

II

That light on the ceiling is moving. It's the tree outside that's wavering back and forth. I want to wrestle and yet the hunger and thirst and workouts are taking too much away from me. They don't know. They think it's nothing. I wonder what Marge is doing? Who's that yelling out in the hall? A person can't get any sleep around here. Sleep. Sleep. I'll count to myself. One...two...three...four...five...six...seven...eight...nine...ten...eleven...twelve. I wonder if this guy is any good? They say he's pretty good. He's supposed to have a lot of good escapes.

Don't think about it now. You'll wrestle the match in your sleep, and pull a muscle. That light is funny. The way it keeps moving, moving, moving... Black.

What time is it? Jeez it's late. I have to get over to weigh in.

It's a beautiful day. I hope I'm not too late. It's cold as hell. I wish it would turn warm soon.

"Good morning, sleepy head."

"Morning', coach."

"Your man weighed in already."

"How does he look?"

"Like a wrestler. Now take that stuff off and get up here."

"Sorry I'm late."

"That's all right. Now get-up-here and let the man see your weight --- One for-ty --- six an a quarter. Okay, Tony?"

"Okay."

"Better get over there an get something to eat now before it's all gone."

I wonder if it's roast beef or steak? I'm gonna stuff myself so full ... I guess all the other guys are eating already. That sun is sure warming up for the middle of February. I better hurry.

Steak at twelve o'clock. This is okay.

"Did you see my man, Steve?"

"Yeh, he looks like a fairy."

"How is he built?"

"Tall and lean."

Well, I guess that's better than knowing nothing about him.

"Ma'am, I'll have another fruit cocktail, please."

I've got to relax now or I'll lose all my energy before the match. Slip those tights on slowly. They feel snug. Don't lace them too tight at the waist.

Give yourself room to breathe. I'm going to make them roar tonight. Everything feels snug and tight and good. The wool of the warm-up jacket irritates my skin pleasantly. This is what it means to be alive. This is the only way. I couldn't live without this. Those people out there don't even know they're alive. I'll show them. The coach is talking about winning tonight. Maybe I should listen.

III

"Shake hands and wrestle."

He moves easily. Like floating. Watch the feet and knees. Wait for the right time. Set it up. Don't get too tired. Now... --- Hold it. Hold it. Strain, strain. Dull roaring in the distance. The hell with them. He has two points. Oh, what's the use. No. Must get out. Move, move. Now, the roll. Come around, around, around aaaaaand free! Okay. One point. Two-one. Watch yourself now. Breathing heavy. Not this early? Watch the feet. Watch them move. This kid moves nice. He glides. Block'!! He's on the leg. Counter. Counter. Buzzer. I needed that.

"Did he get that takedown, ref?"

"No."

Okay. Breathe deep. Second period. He's got top. Have to get out. Think. Don't let him get back on the legs. Keep him up front. Okay. Watch the ref. Whistle. Move. Pry. Lever. Roll. Try now. Got to get out. Just two more periods. Or is it one? Pressing, pressing downnn. Out. Out. Free. It's too tight. He can't do this. Stand. Now drop. Out'!! Air. Want air. How much time? Can't see.

"What's uh uh thu uh score uh ref?"

"Two-two. Let's wrestle."

No. Lie down. Yes. Here he comes. Watch the feet. The feet. He's setting something up. Break off. He's down on his knees. Drop with him. Look at his eyes. They understand. They know. He's looking at me.

Yes, I know too. I know the secret. Why don't I scream it? Buzzer. At least somebody knows. Have to hold him down now. Why? I'm tired. Just a little more. A little more. Don't give up. He will think you didn't understand him. Hold on. Hold on. For yourself hold on. Whistle. Catch the ankle. Drive. No. Follow now. Let him do the work now. They're roaring. Let them roar. It's between me and him. He's got to know I know. Too much. Don't think. Air. Air. Tired. Follow him. Follow. How much time? A little longer. It's bright. Too bright. Eyes stinging. Don't let him go. Ride. Ride. He's trying to get out of the circle. No. Pull him back. He can't get out of the circle. Stay in. Stay in. How long? Score? Air. Tight. Hold. Hold. Hold. Buzzer. Relief.

Jake dressed slowly, trading wisecracks with his teammates. Now, he felt the sense of accomplishment that he had vaguely sensed before. The coach left happily, saying, "See you all at practice, Monday." He was followed out by a chorus of friendly boo's.

"You had a tough one tonight, huh, Jake?"

"Yeh. An' there's a rougher one next week."

"Seems that way."

"Well, I'll see you Monday, g'night."

"So long, Steve, take it easy."

The night air was cold. The young man walked with a slight limp. A few youngsters were gathered around the gate. One turned to another and said, "That's Jake Severs. He won tonight." The young man heard and smiled. He began to pace off the interminable circle.

UNTER DER LINDEN

Unter der Linden
an der Heide,
wo ich mit meinem Liebsten saß,
da könnt ihr finden,
wie wir beide
die Blumen brachen und das Gras.
Vor dem Walde in einem Tal,
Tandaradei!
Lieblich sang die Nachtigall.

Ich kam gegangen
zu der Aue,
und mein Liebster war schon dort!
Da ward ich empfangen,
Heilige Fraue!
daß ich bin selig immerfort.
Hat er mich wohl oft geküßt?
Tandaradei!
Seht, wie rot mein Mund noch ist!

Und Blumen brachen
ich und mein Lieber
und machten uns eine Lagerstatt.
Von Herzen lachen
muß darüber,
kommt jemand an denselben Pfad.
An den Rosen er wohl mag
---Tandaradei!---
merken, wo das Haupt mir lag.

Wie wir da lagen,
wenns wer wußte,
du lieber Gott, ich schämte mich!
Was er durfte wagen,
wie er küßte,
das weiß doch nur er und ich --
und ein kleines Vögelein,
Tandaradei!
das wird wohl verschwiegen sein!

-- Walther von der Vogelweide

UNDER THE LINDEN TREE

Linden boughs our cover --
Ah, the countryside was fair
Where we lay together --
I and my lover
Crushed and broke the blossoms there
In summer weather.
Near the wood in a hidden dale
 Tandaradei
Sweetly sang the nightingale.

I came solitary,
And where meadow-grass was tall
Found my darling waited.
Greeting so merry.
Me the loveliest girl of all
He celebrated.
If you ask me what he said,
 Tandaradei,
See now how my mouth is red.

Flowers in a pile
Made for us a resting-place;
Softly we could lie.
And you would smile
Finding there the empty space
If you came by,
Or among the roses red,
 Tandaradei,
See whereon I laid my head.

God forbid that any
Learn we lay among the flowers;
I should be so shy.
Nor are there many
Know what way we passed the hours;
Only he and I
And a little bird as well,
 Tandaradei,
Who, I think, will never tell.

-- R. L. Armstrong



"WHEN I CLEANED OUT MY KNAPSACK..."

"Spring, 1961"

The sand, the gulls, the ocean
Revive a summer gone,
But bring a misty ghost,
To chill the air and me...
The beach is empty,
Except for me ---
And the sand, the gulls, and the ocean.

"Fall, 1961"

Two I see tread by:
today I call, "Winter comes,
old man and old dog."

"Autumn, 1962"

Leaves fall, the wind rises,
the sun sets; all three leaving
a stack of textbooks.

"Winter, 1962"

The mail on the floor;
I stoop; I groan; her writing
is not there today.

-- Norm Scarpulla

CULTURAL APATHY AT LEHIGH

It is, I believe, impossible to deny the existence of cultural apathy at Lehigh. To be sure, a certain amount of it will always exist, everywhere. But Lehigh seems to have its ample share. Abundant evidence of this fact is given by the predominantly poor student attendance at cultural events (e.g., the Gerard Souzay concert), the disproportionately vigorous attendance at sports events and drinking or dancing parties, and the general lack of cultural knowledge among students which can be confirmed by questioning any reasonably large random group at Lehigh.

Yet the picture is not as simple, nor is it as black as this might lead one to assume. Some concerts, plays and lectures are reasonably well attended. There is much student cultural activity involved in the performances of the Glee Club, the Band, Mustard and Cheese, etc. There are also frequent student concerts, as well as student-directed plays. In my own experience, I have been astonished and exhilarated by the immense enthusiasm and hard work demonstrated by students in the German Club in building up a tradition of an annual German play. In this year's performance alone there were about fifty different stage roles performed by almost thirty-five different players, not to mention the students involved in off-stage capacities. There was even some original music composed by a student for one part of the performance. This does not sound much like cultural apathy, and yet it cannot be denied that such splendid cultural efforts as those just described are perhaps more than outbalanced by general and frequent cultural unproductivity and disinterest among large segments of the student body.

The one answer which I shall give (and there are more) as to why such apathy exists can be found, I feel, in one factor present in all the cultural efforts which do flourish at Lehigh. Common to all of these activities, it seems to me, is the fact that they are more than just the product of cultural enthusiasm.

They are also social in nature; they are often the product of the labors of many people working together. Cultural efforts made by individual students working alone seem far less frequent.

It is also a fact that students often become interested in some cultural activity that is introduced to them in the context of a social or personal relationship. For example, students who have demonstrated little interest in music or theater on their own, often show an interest in attending musical or dramatic events when this is part of a club activity. Even more striking to me is the way in which individuals reveal hitherto dormant interest in music when I have introduced them to some of my records in the atmosphere of an evening in my home. It is as if young people of today have not been able to develop spheres of their lives in which they can exist as cultural individuals in a satisfying way. A basic, all-too-frequent lack of warm human contact has led to a mad quest for social expression, in the form of mass orgies of dancing, drinking, sports, and the like. This also helps to explain in part the terrifying all-pervasive tendency toward a spirit of conformity in the younger generation.

There is a positive note in all of this, however. A cultural interest, even if it is awakened in a combined social-cultural activity, may lead to deep, lasting personal enthusiasm for cultural experience. My own attempts to reach students both on a cultural and a personal level have given me some positive feeling that the problem of cultural apathy can be at least partially solved if it is approached in the context of the entire sphere of personal human relationships. I confess freely that I myself owe much of my own cultural enthusiasm to other human beings. It seems senseless simply to lament the fact that young people do not display enough cultural and intellectual interest for its own sake. Is it not perhaps more productive to try to encourage the awakening of such interest by approaching the whole matter through the larger complex of personal, human relationships?

-- Arthur P. Gardner

There has been a good deal of hogwash lately in the public press about the cultural boom in America. We have been assured that books and "classical" records outsell gin and hula hoops, that more people pay to hear virtuosi on the bass pommer than do to witness pro hopscotch -- as though real participation in the pleasures of the mind and the emotions can be measured by the economics of an acquisitive society. I have little reason to believe that there is in actuality any such boom and I am relatively sure that the vast majority of the American people doesn't even know what the word "culture" means. Hence, though I am disappointed at the non-participation of Lehigh students in campus events deemed "cultural," I am not particularly surprised, since I believe that they merely reflect the tastes and attitudes of their society.

To say why that society is -- and long has been -- anti-culture would require an answer more complex than I have space even to suggest. No doubt the chief basis lies in the so-called Protestant ethic that we are supposed (largely wrongly) to have inherited from our puritan forbearers. Briefly stated, that ethic is that hard work is the greatest of saving virtues, that therefore enjoyment of anything is a sin, and that since the "cultural" manifestly contributes to no concrete result it must belong in the area of the frivolous and the damning. This set of views was reinforced in the last century when those for whom hard work had paid off, (i.e. the rich who had achieved leisure with wealth) asserted their status by having themselves seen at the opera and the art gallery -- taking their cue from the detested British aristocracy of the previous century. The lower classes, most of whose members have since become as affluent as the elite they once envied, have not yet outgrown their distaste for these assumed (and often very real) pretensions to culture. Moreover, their attitudes have been reinforced by all the pompous nonsense about the common man and the average-man-in-a-democracy that has become a flabby article of quasi-patriotic faith since World War II, to the degree that they are convinced that democracy means blandness.

of taste and abhorrence of intellect.

But there are additional factors that keep the present Lehigh student more determinedly away from the cultural than his parents ever dreamed of placing themselves; and all of these too are large social forces. There is, for instance, the incredibly potent and incredibly horrific myth of the world of the teen-ager, fabricated by the advertisers to create a new market at the cost of disruption of family, education, and morality. This world has been given its own culture (so-called), not sprung from the denizens themselves but imposed on by the promoters of automobiles, cosmetics, and lingerie, the carpenters (Tin Pan alley rejects) of gritty music, and the creative plumbers who produce films alleged to be sexy, violent, or horrible. Like the submissive children they are, the teen-agers accept the authoritarian edict that this shall be their culture because it ain't like dad's, and more and more they bring this sense of a separate cultural identity up and over the top of the teen-age ladder into college and beyond.

With affluence has come another social force -- this a distressing one. In innumerable instances parents, haunted by the memory of depression-time privations, guided directly or indirectly by the gaseous theories of child-raising invented by educationists and spinster psychologists of either sex, and prodded by the actions of equally affluent neighbors, have given their children everything they could possibly want (in a material sense) and a good deal that they can't use. At the ripe old age of eighteen such youngsters have nothing to dream of, nothing to wish for, and understandably they are bored, bored, bored. And since the shine has obviously rubbed off of the world, why seek to restore it by pursuing matters that will conceivably merely increase the dullness?

But there is perhaps one outside hope -- and this brings us to another anti-cultural force at the University. The hope is Success, measured by the super job with the super salary. What Success really means is a final shelter from that spectre of social rejection

before which our young flee from birth as before the Furies. Be that as it may, the thing that will open the golden door is not education but Grades. Hence students, instead of making the period of their terminal education (part of whose experiences ought to be a discovery of the "cultural") the exciting and liberating thing it ought to be, plod miserably and drearily after grades, interspersing their activity with "pleasures" equally dissatisfying and dreary.

Lastly, a product of most of these other forces and perhaps the most compelling of all in an all-male milieu, there is the deterrent provided by the American Masculine Myth. This curious folklore is, at least in part, created and fostered by the gangism of the adolescents, by the purveyors of such manly products as men's perfumes and hair pomades, and by the insights into the "real" world offered by the mass media. But it also has some basis in fact, in that the genus *Homo sapiens Americanus* is becoming increasingly passive and obedient and fearful before his womankind who insatiably demands more and more material reward for services rendered. Constantly assaulted by the first three forces, constantly haunted by the fourth, the young American male becomes terrified of homosexuality in others and in himself. In this general and mob-supported terror, anyone who does anything out of the norm prescribed by the gang, the advertisers, and the comedians is "queer." Therefore culture, a minority pursuit is suspect, and therefore one does not risk censure by allying himself with it.

All of these forces and more stand against any real growth of culture at Lehigh, so far as students are concerned. And until our society grows up, until it learns to ignore the inanities of the press and Madison Avenue, until it overcomes its fear of its own shadow, things are likely to get worse instead of better.

-- David M. Greene

SUMMER SOLSTICE

Last night, and the night before,
The rain fell so hard
It bent the corn in the garden
nearly double.

The wonder is that the stalks
appear today
To be leaning intently to
catch some vernal sound,
Some vegetal suggestion from the
earth of returning strength.
The sun, too, seems to have been
rained on
The way it slides watery and
uncertain across the porch
With heat diffuse and apologetic.

But the sky, delicate as paper
stretched out to dry,
Promises something different tonight.
Perhaps there will even be a celebration.
The moon bowling through the trees;
The shadows on the lawn nodding
silent assent;
The house, open and lighted, cupped
like flame in its funnel of leaves;
The long grass running by in
pale, high seas;
And the crickets stitching the
whole together
Beneath a cumulus blanket of
summer wind.

Then we shall sleep in summer rooms
Near those very sounds for which
the corn was stooping.
And in the morning the stalks
will be straighter,
The grass dull and clumped
for cutting,
And the earth itself swelled in girth
Like a fat man rising pleasantly
from his table.

-- Don K. Wright

YOU ARE RIGHT, SARTRE

I look at the world through nature,
and I ask
Could it be possible for all the beauty
of nature to be only a mistake of life?
Could it be possible for all the symmetry
of nature to be only an error of evolution?
Could it be possible for all the joy
of nature to be only a freak of time?
Surely there must be a God somewhere!
But if there is a God, why does he
allow an empire built on love
to be crumbled by nature in one
of its ugly moods?

"A man said to the universe:
'Sir, I exist!'
'However,' replied the universe,
The fact has not created in me
A sense of obligation!'" *

Mistakes, errors, and freaks do exist
in beauty and in truth.
Mais Dieu est Mort!

* Stephen Crane, "A man said to the universe"

-- Jon Sharp



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